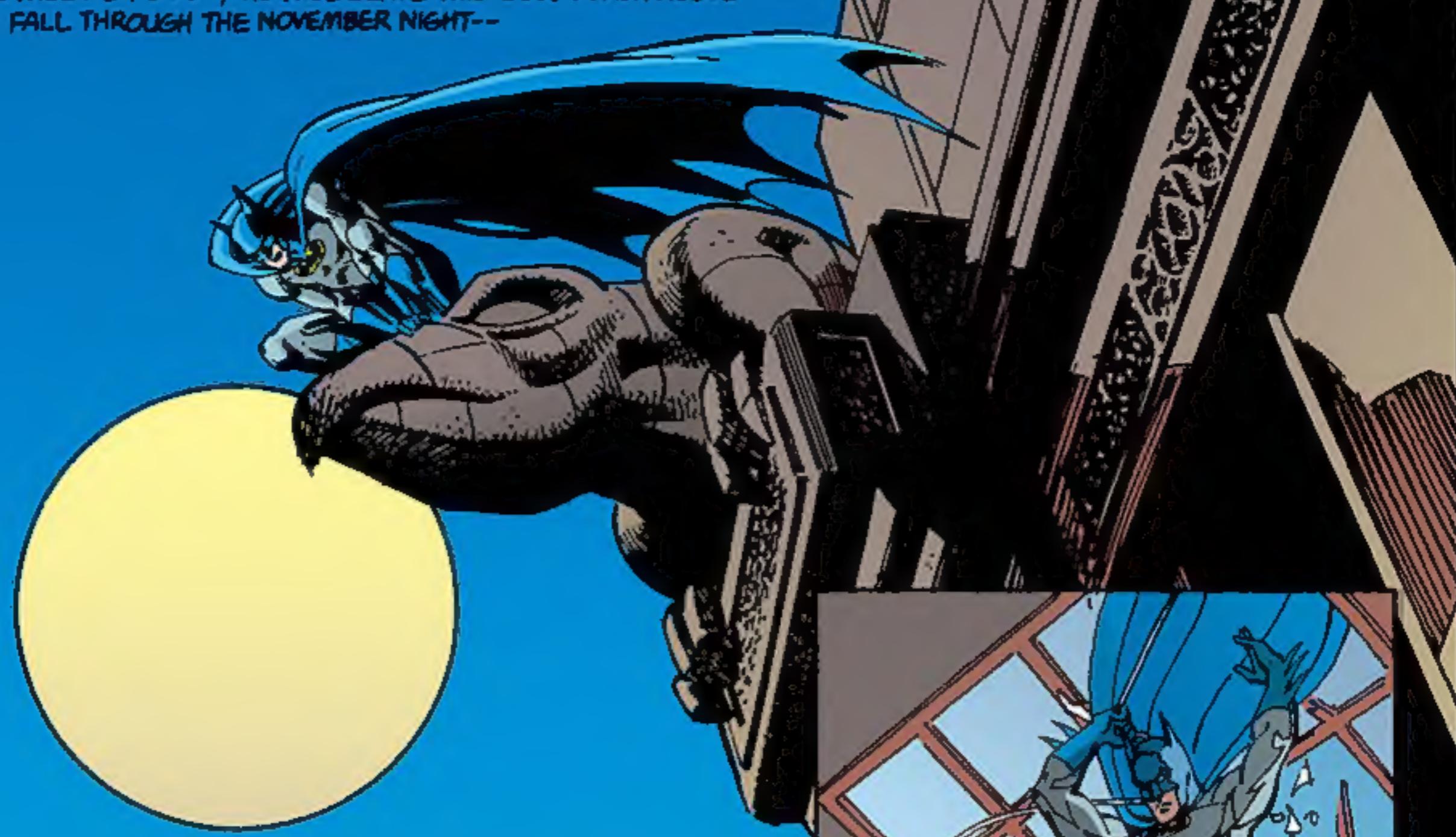
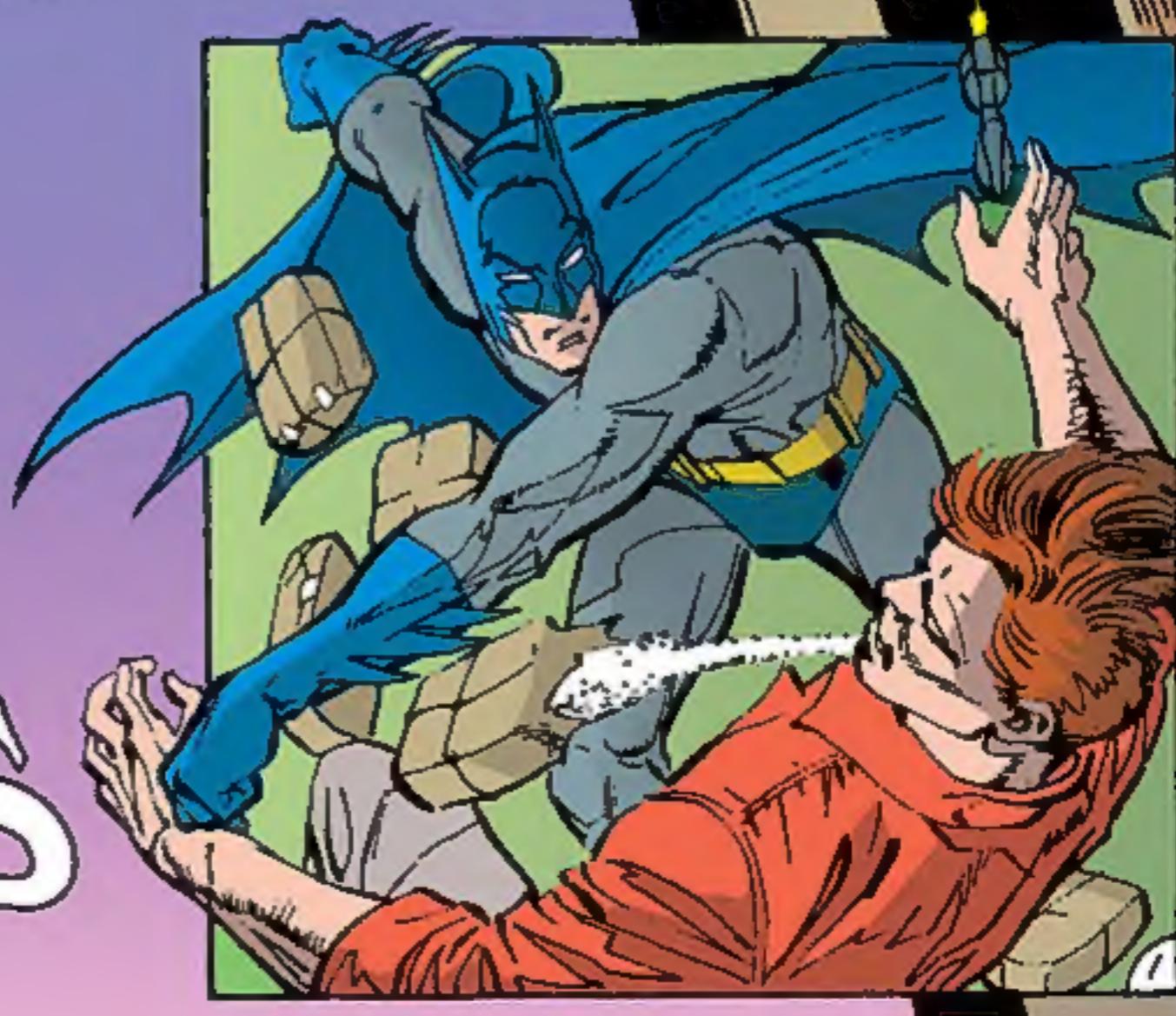


SOON, HE WILL ACT. SOON, HE WILL LEAVE THIS COLD PERCH ABOVE
THE CITY, FALL THROUGH THE NOVEMBER NIGHT--



--AND, IN
AN EXPLOSION
OF GLASS,
BURST INTO
THE ROOM
BELOW--

--AND SWIFTLY,
EFFICIENTLY,
SMASH THE
GREEDY DREAMS
OF ONE WHO
WOULD PREY
UPON THE
HELPLESS...



THE MAN WHO FALLS

HE HAS DONE THIS BEFORE. HOW OFTEN? A THOUSAND TIMES? A THOUSAND LONELY VIGILS. A THOUSAND TENSE MOMENTS, A THOUSAND REFUSALS TO BELIEVE THAT HE MIGHT ERR, MIGHT JUDGE BADLY FOR JUST AN INSTANT--

--MIGHT SLIP--

--FALL--

--FALLING, HE SHRIEKED IN TERROR--

--AND THEN, SUDDENLY, WAS SILENCED AS THE STONE SURFACE SLAPPED THE BREATH FROM HIS BODY.

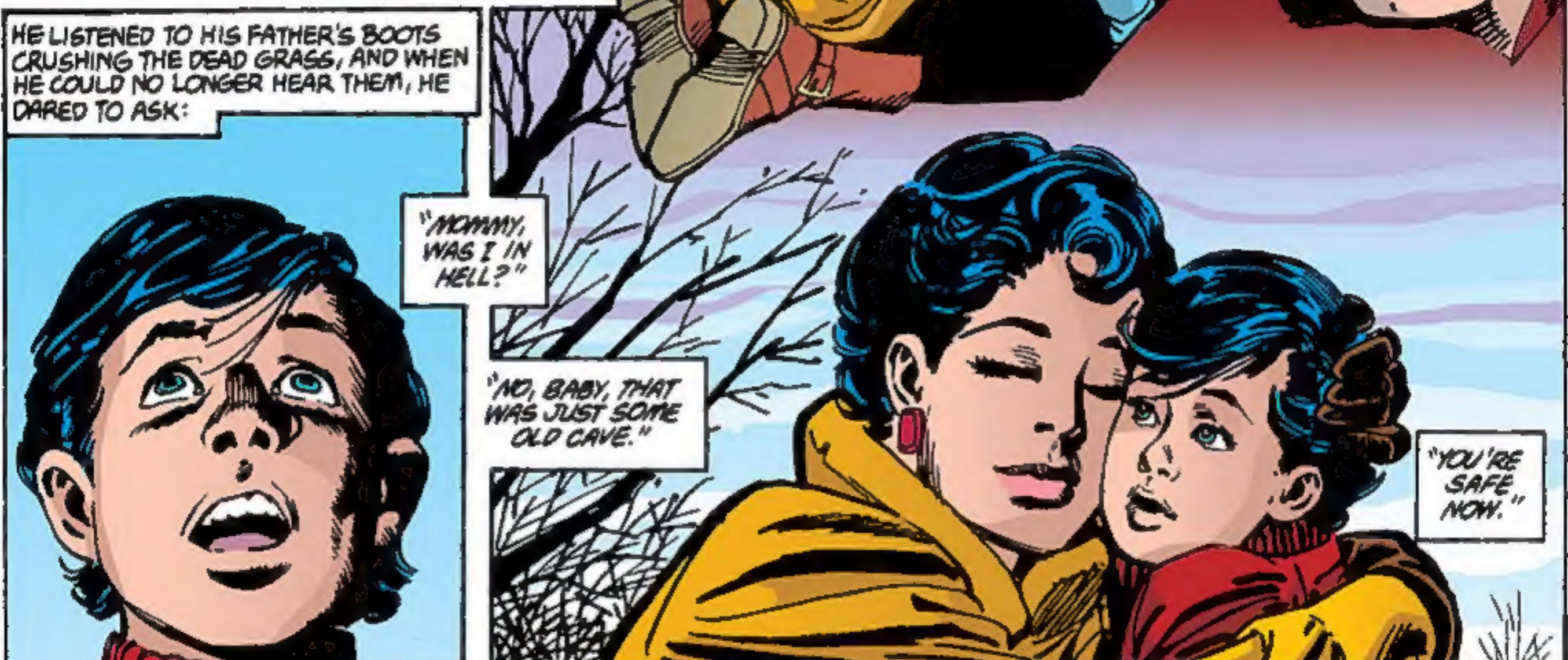
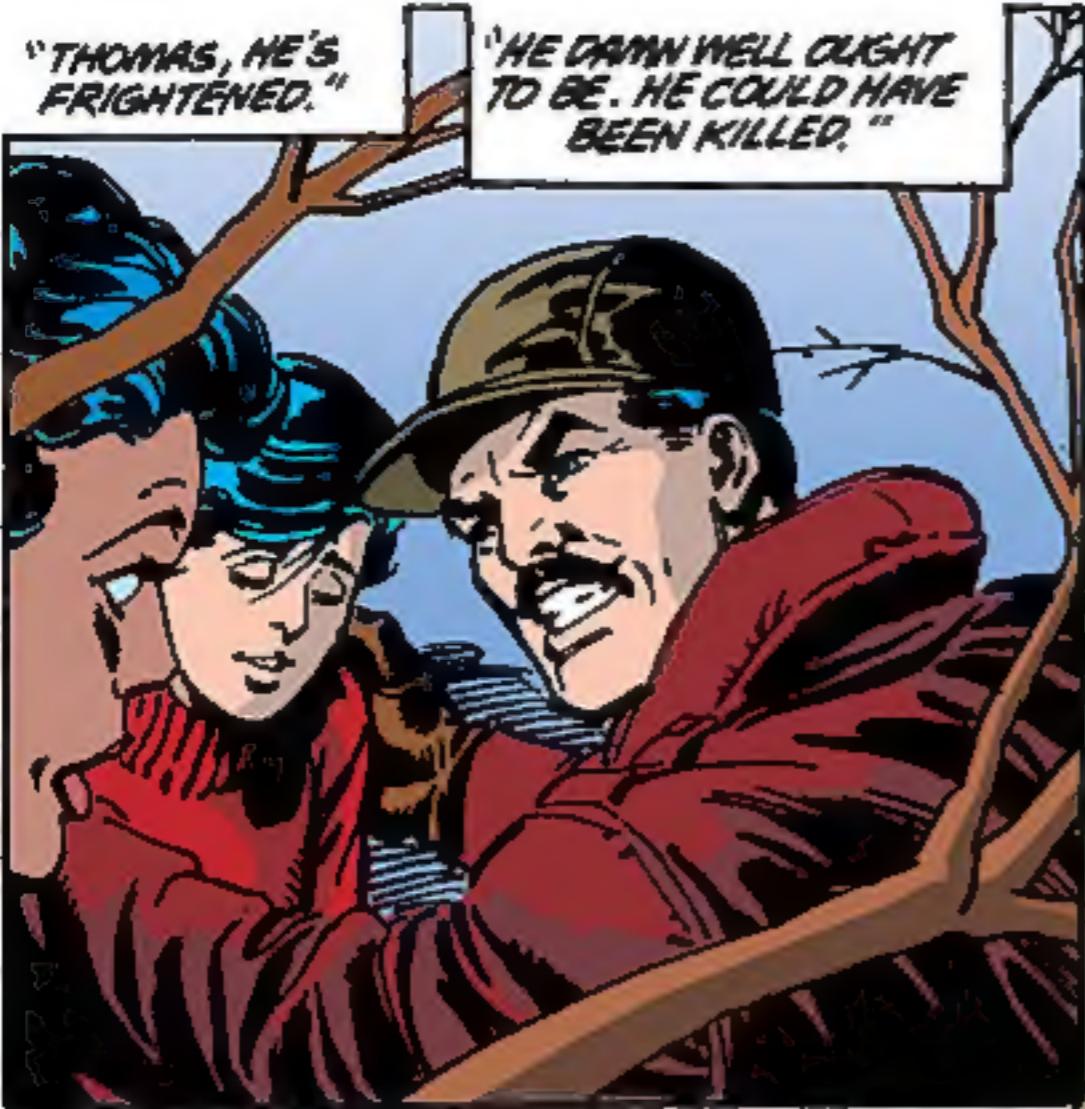
IT WAS DAMP AND STILL DOWN THERE, SOUNDLESS EXCEPT FOR A SLOW, STEADY DRIPPING AND A DISTANT WHISPER OF WIND.

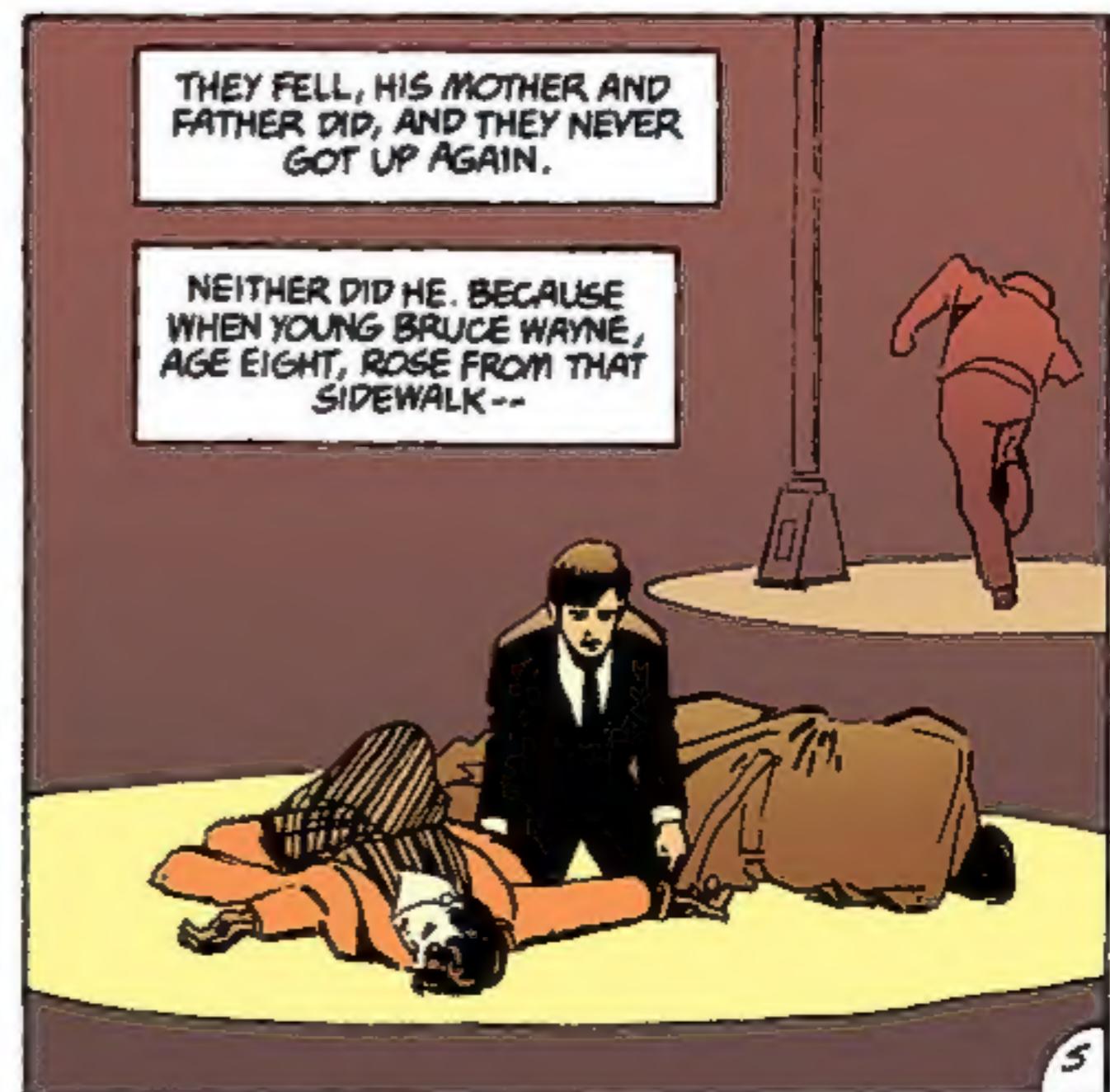
AND SOMETHING ELSE

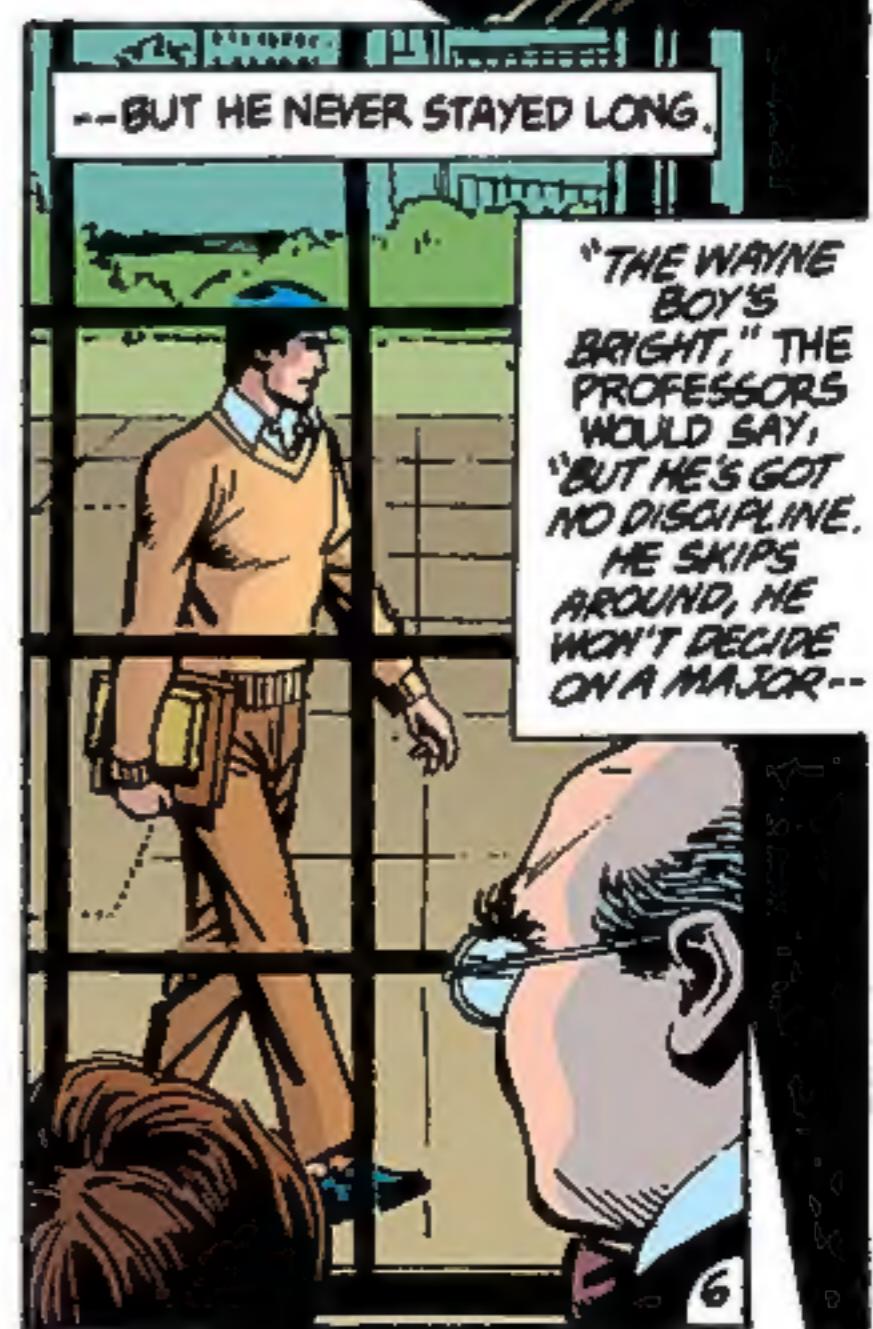
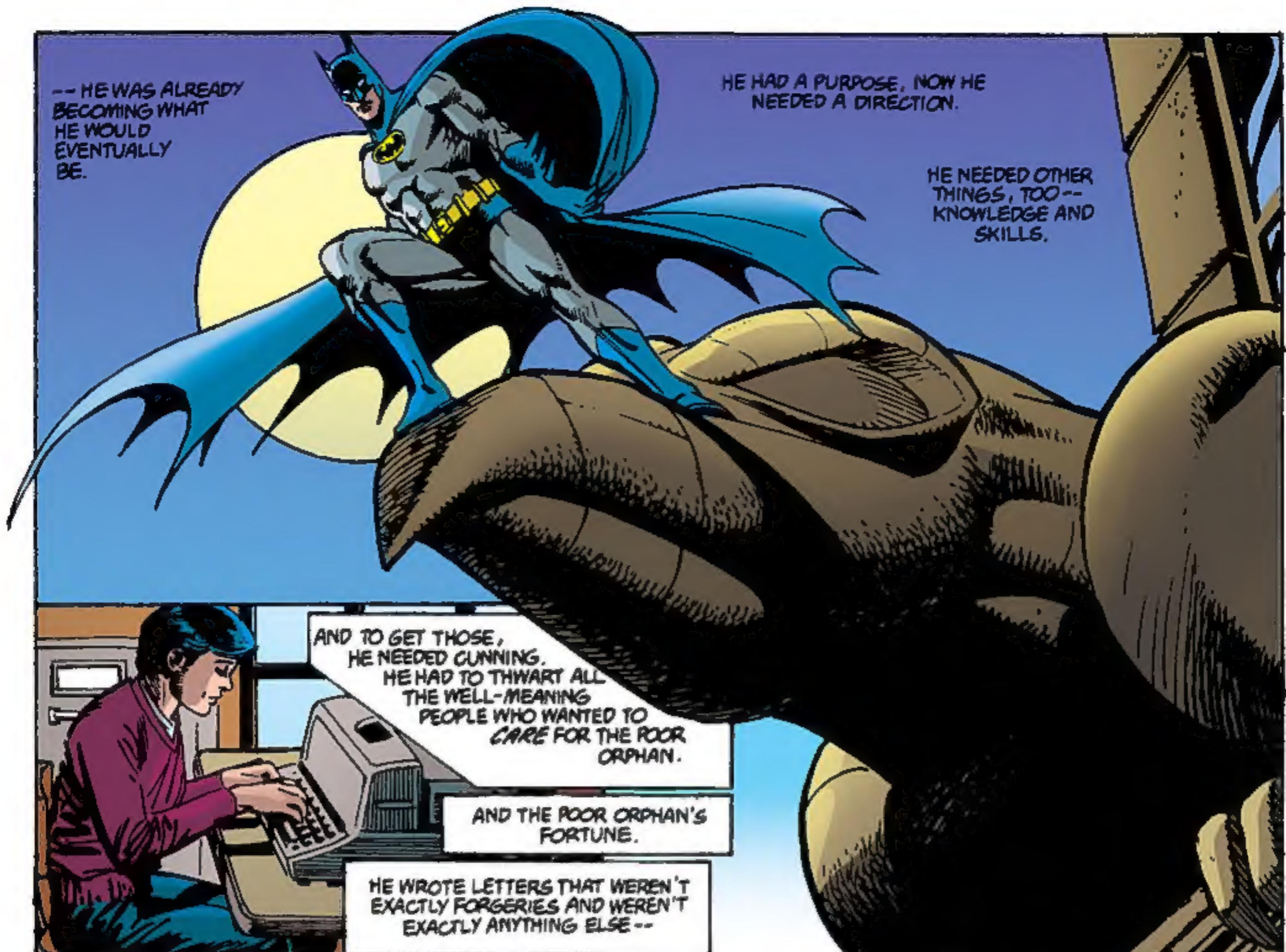
SOMETHING THAT STIRRED IN THE DARKNESS.

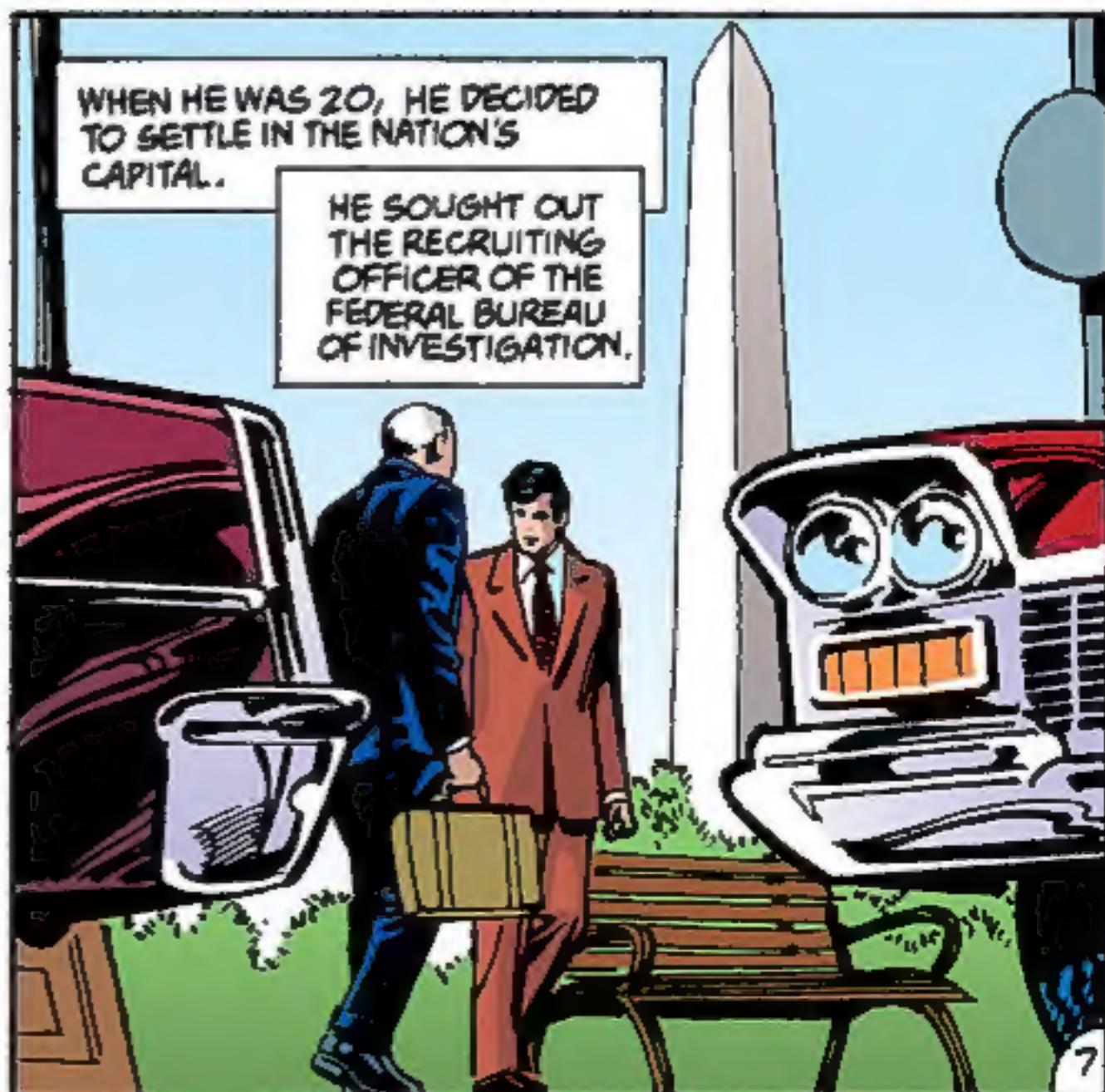
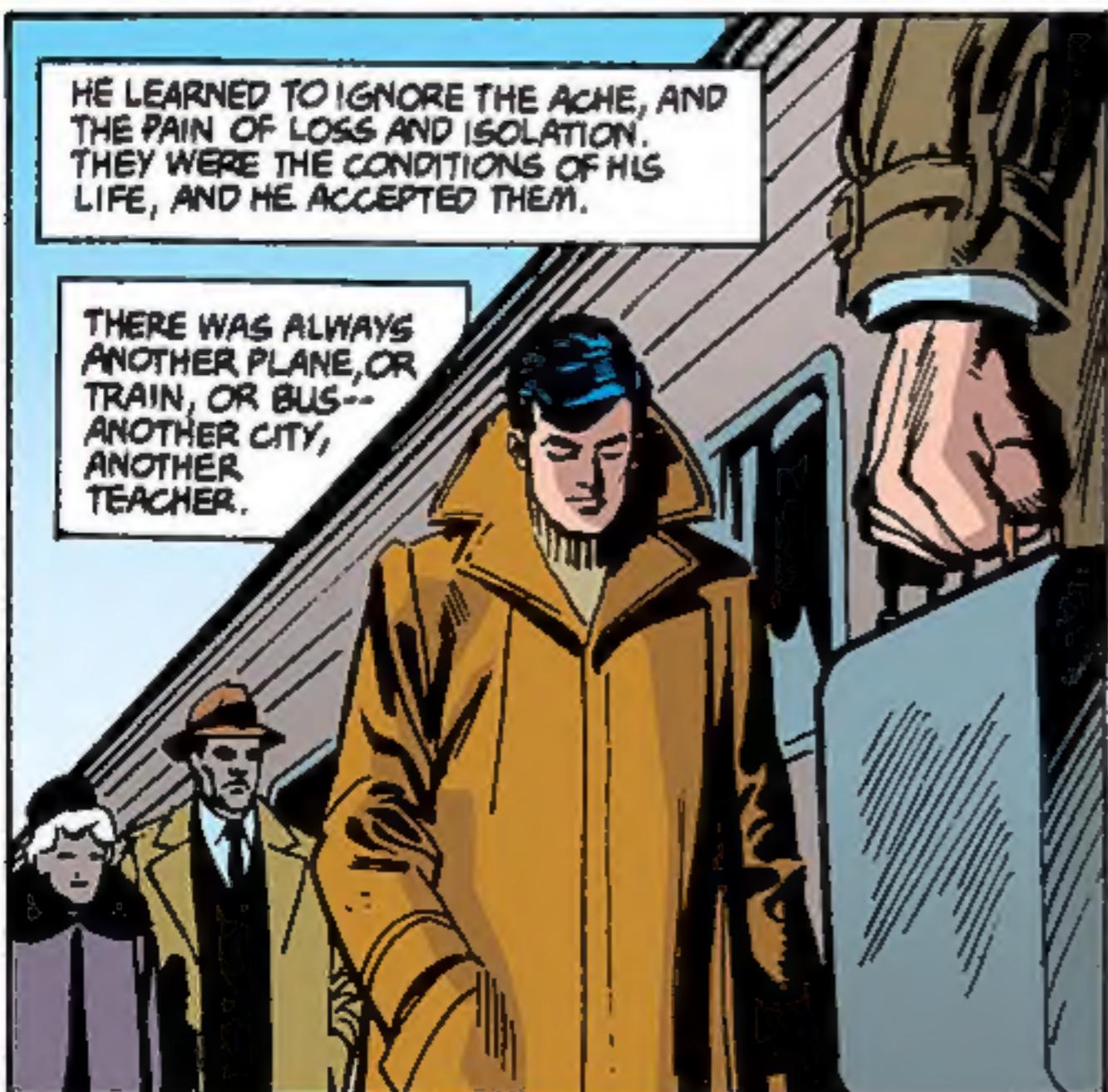
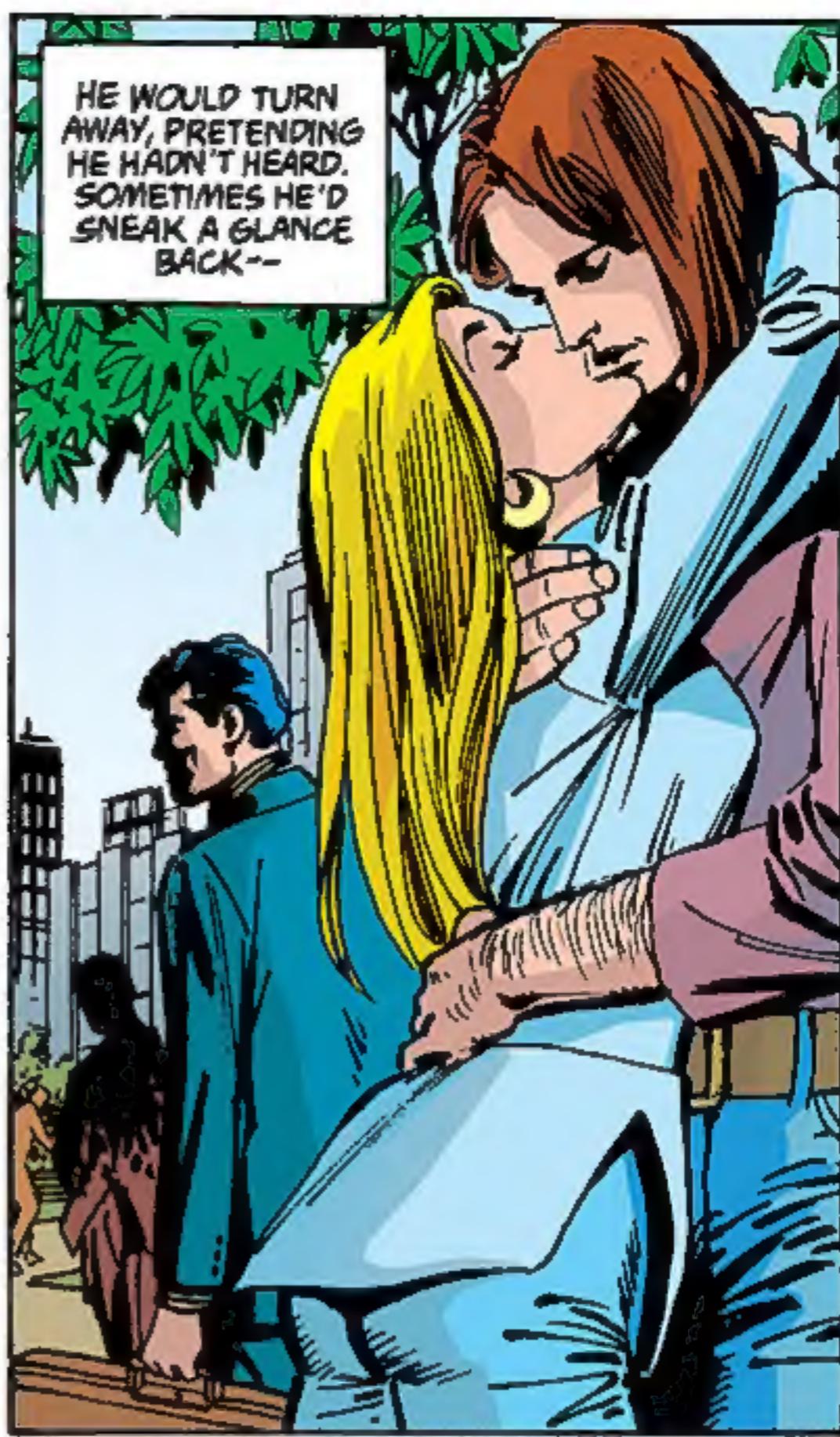
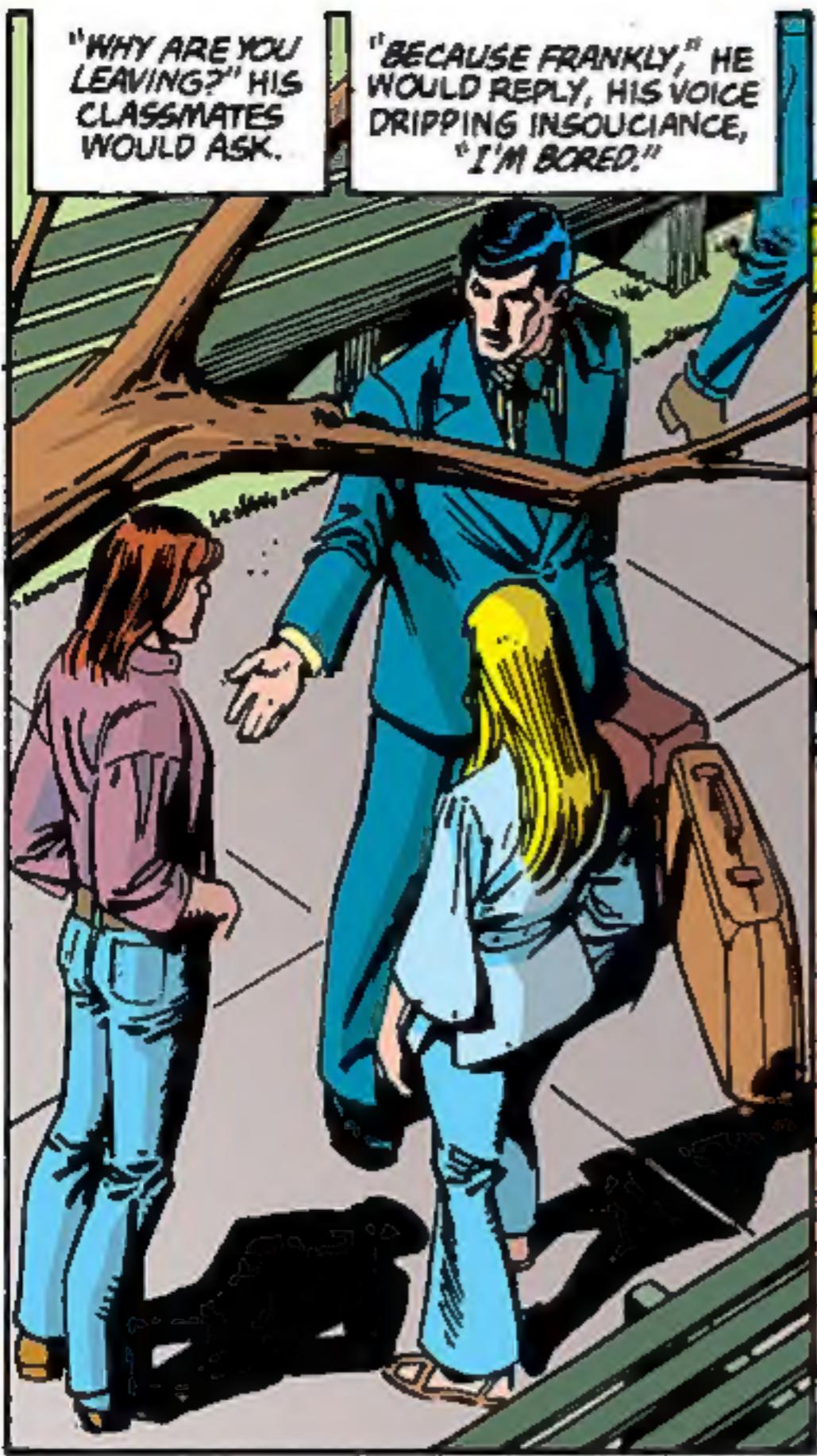
SOMETHING THAT HISSED AND CHITTERED.

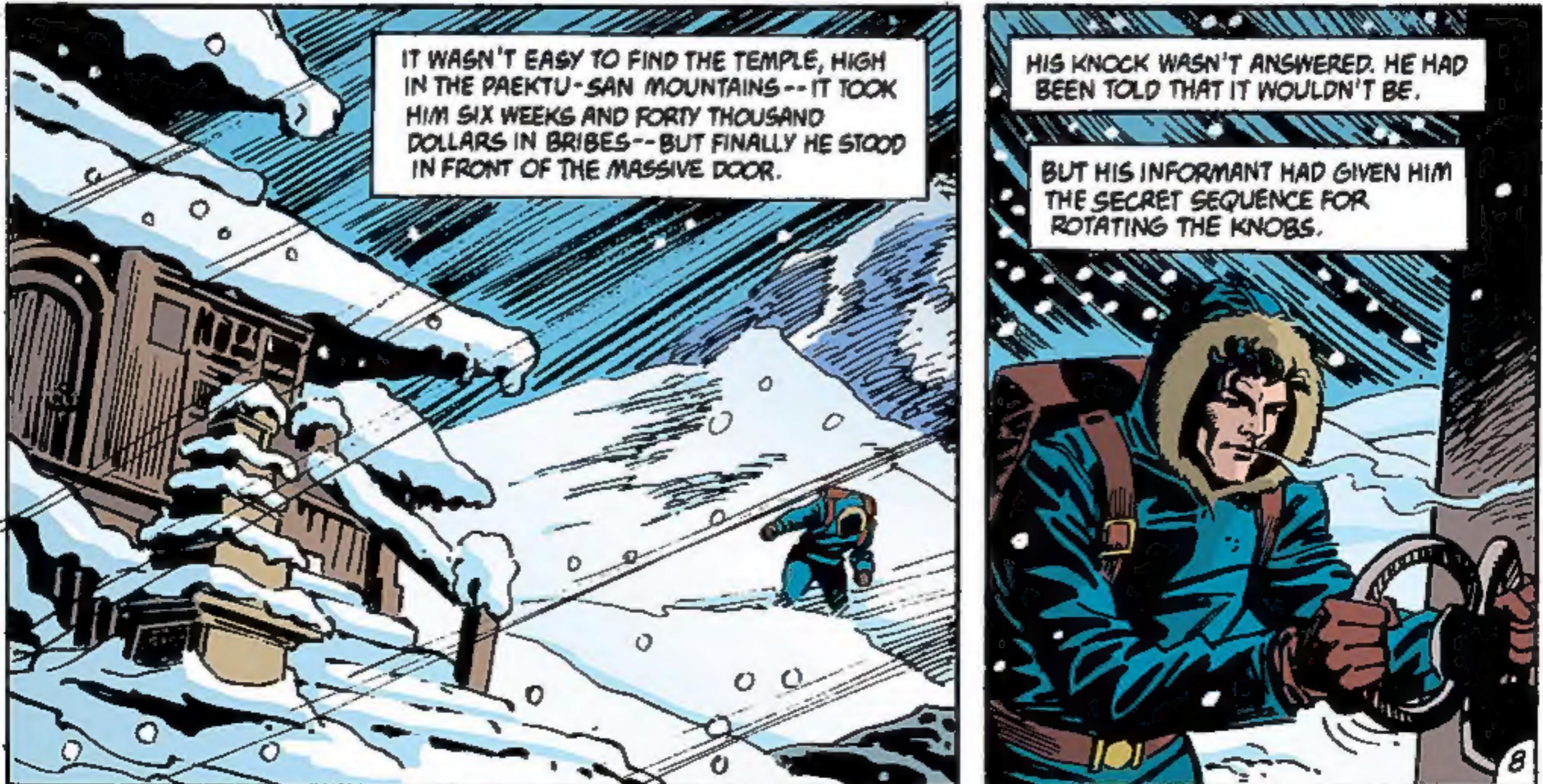
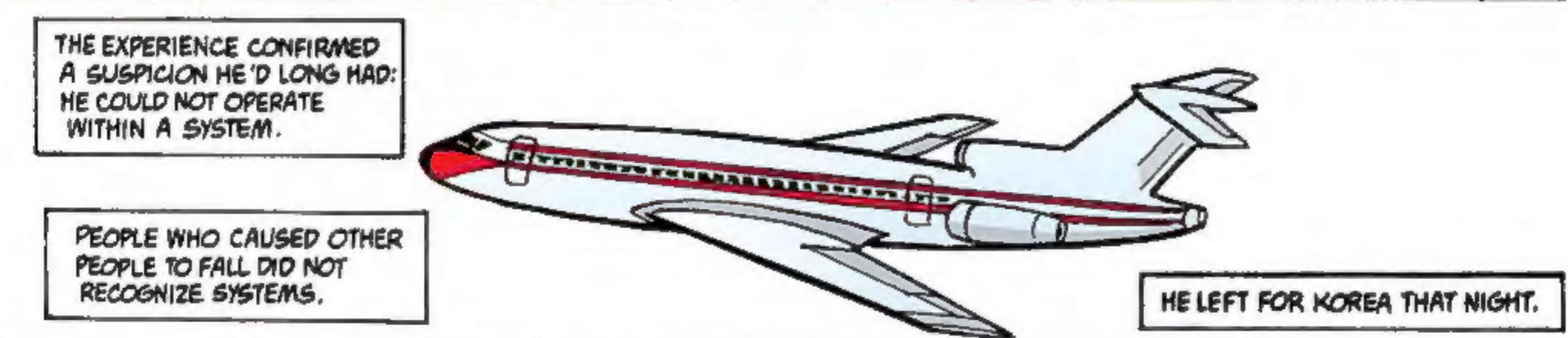
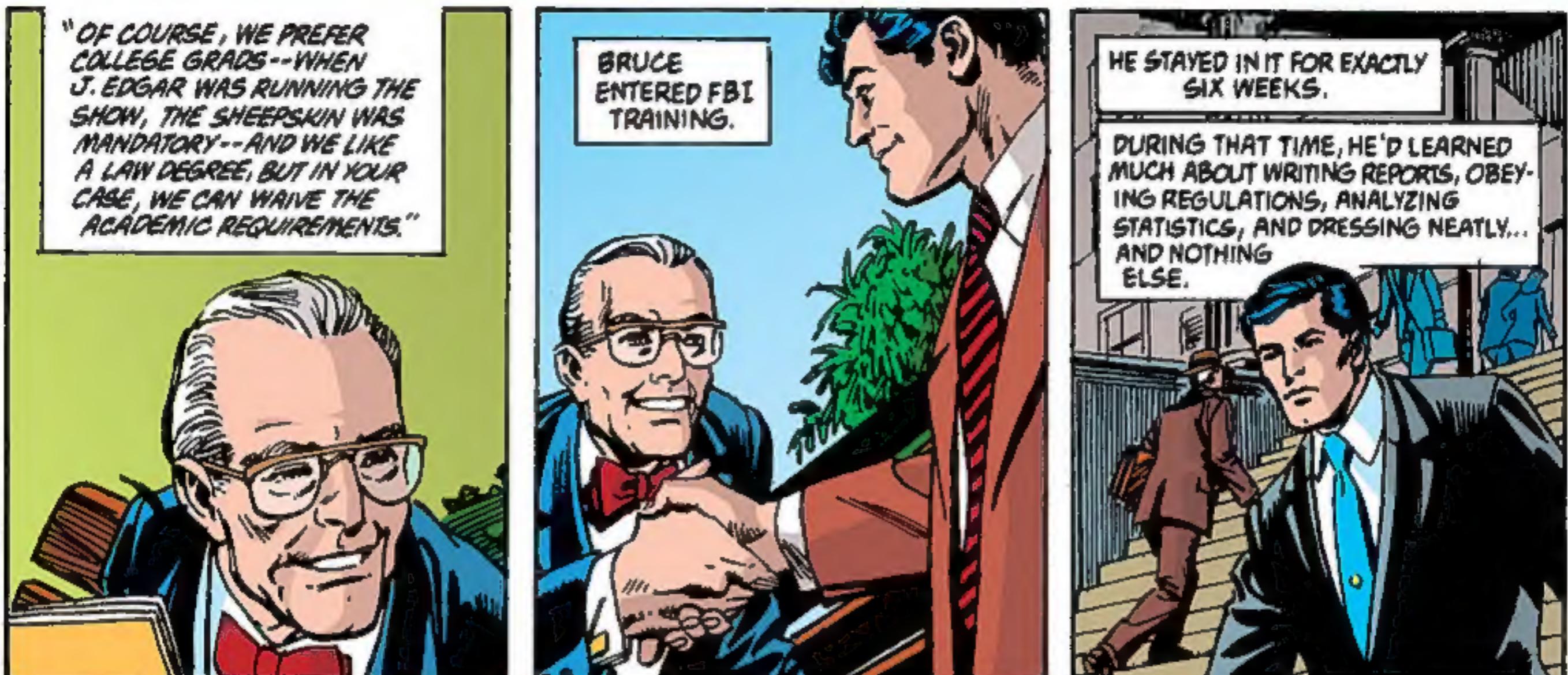


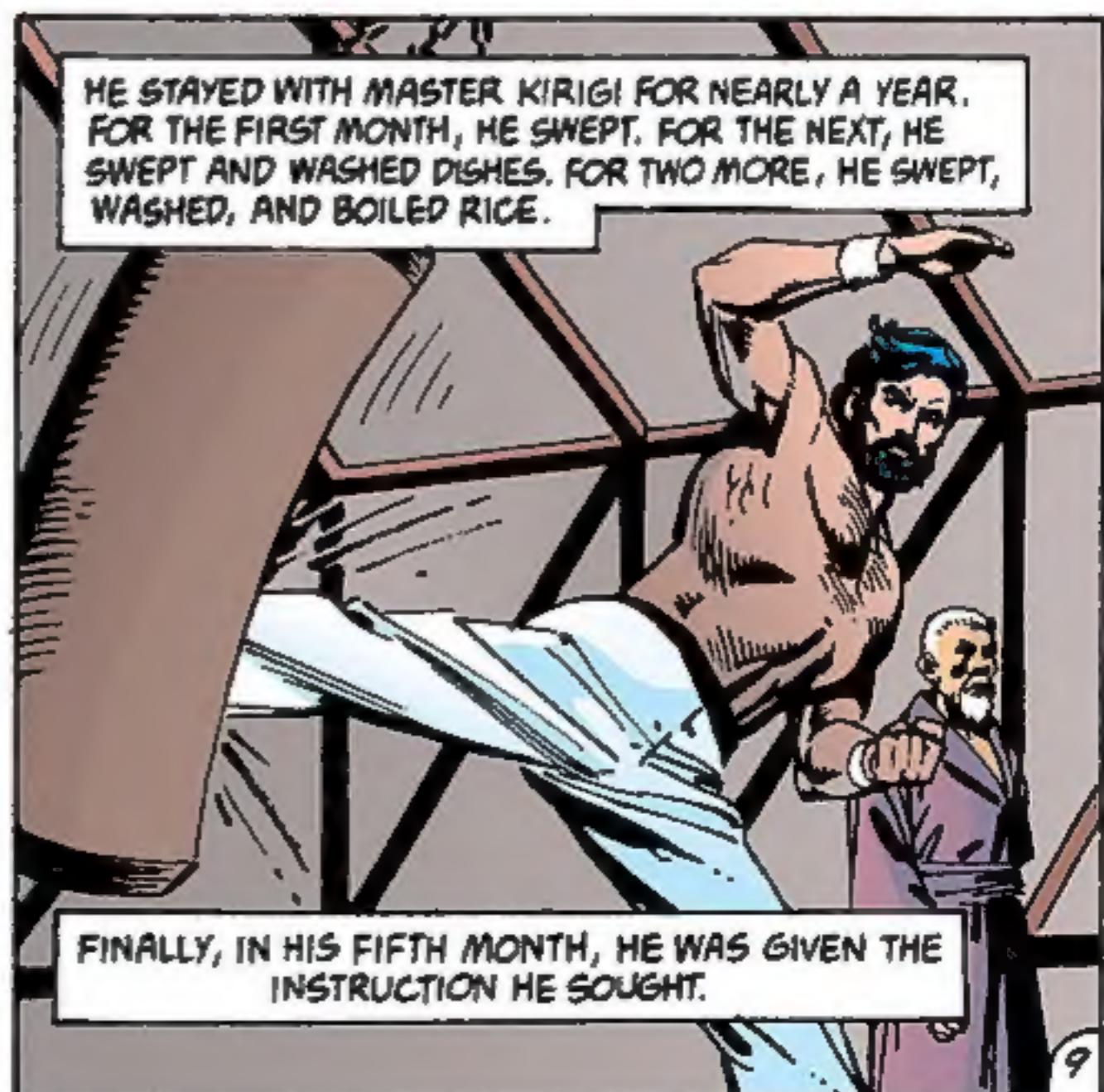
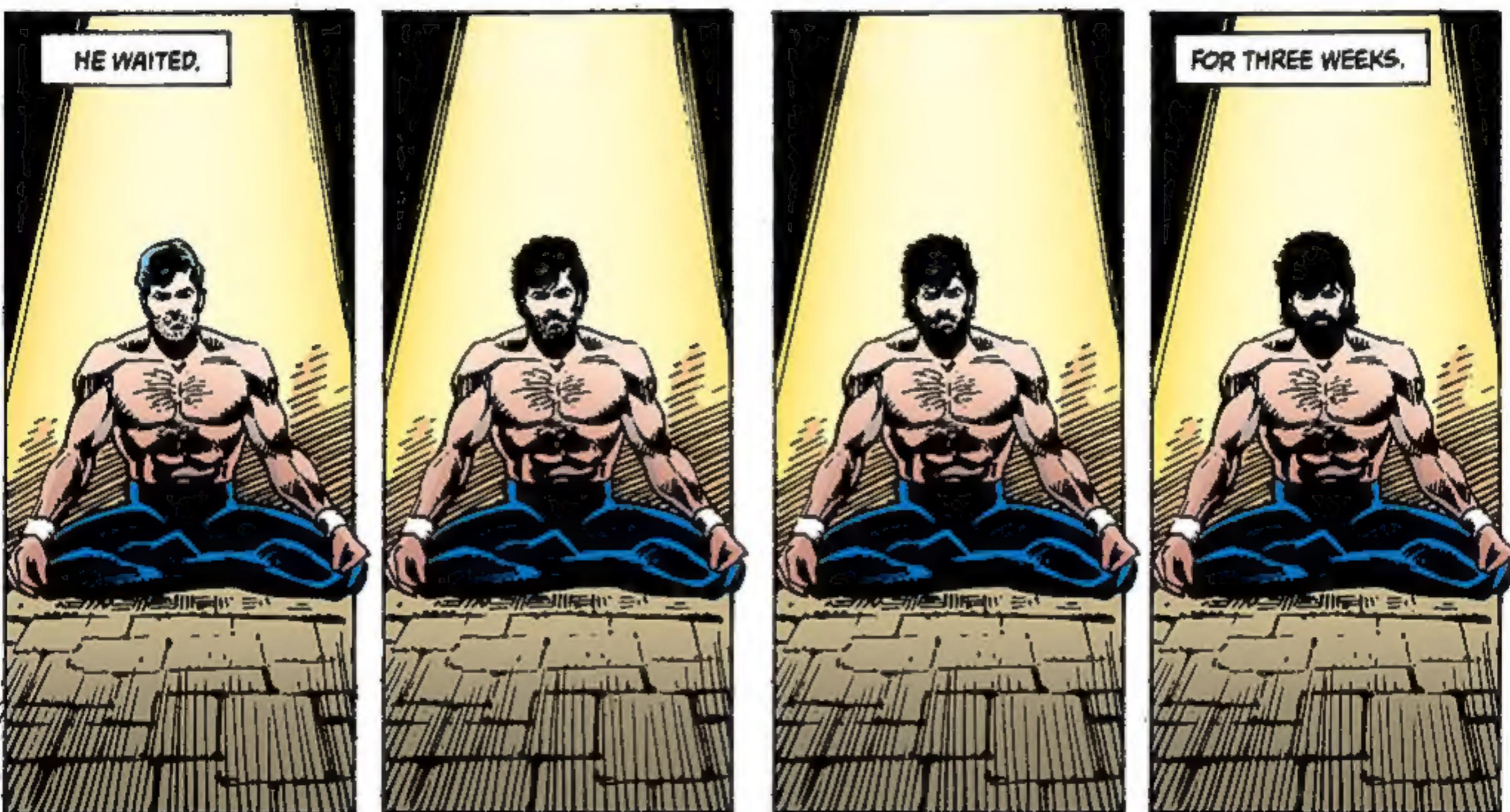


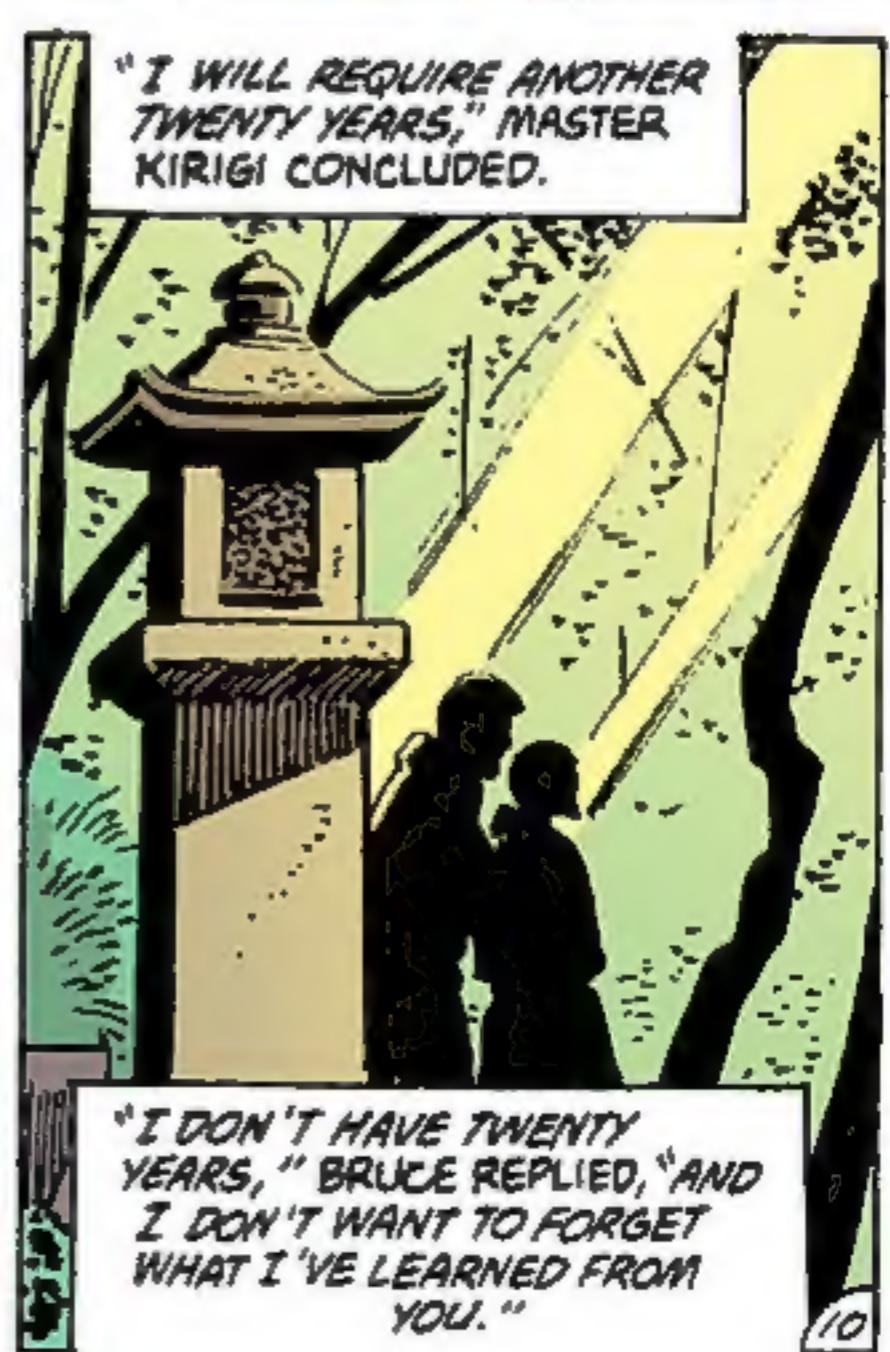
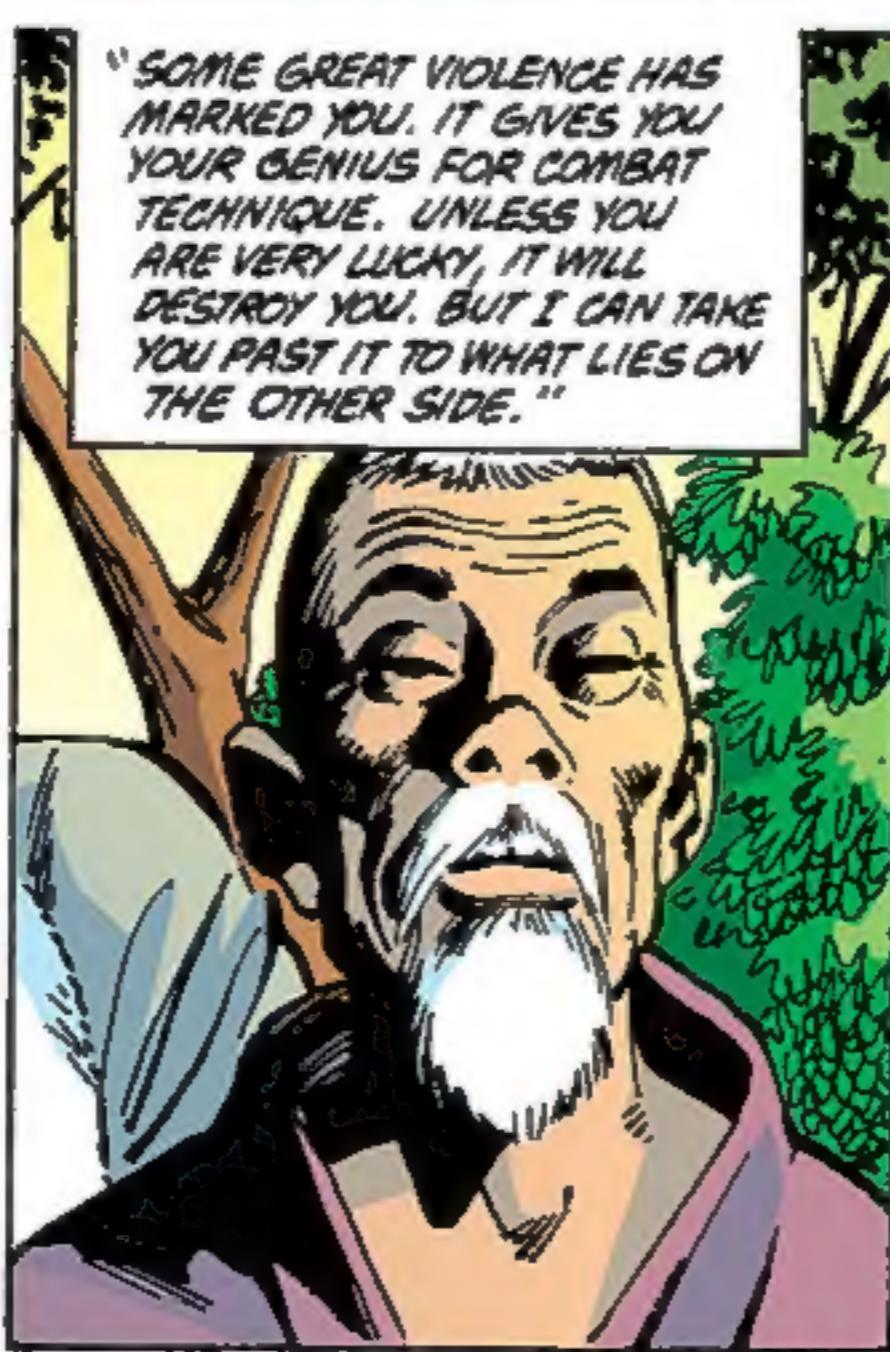
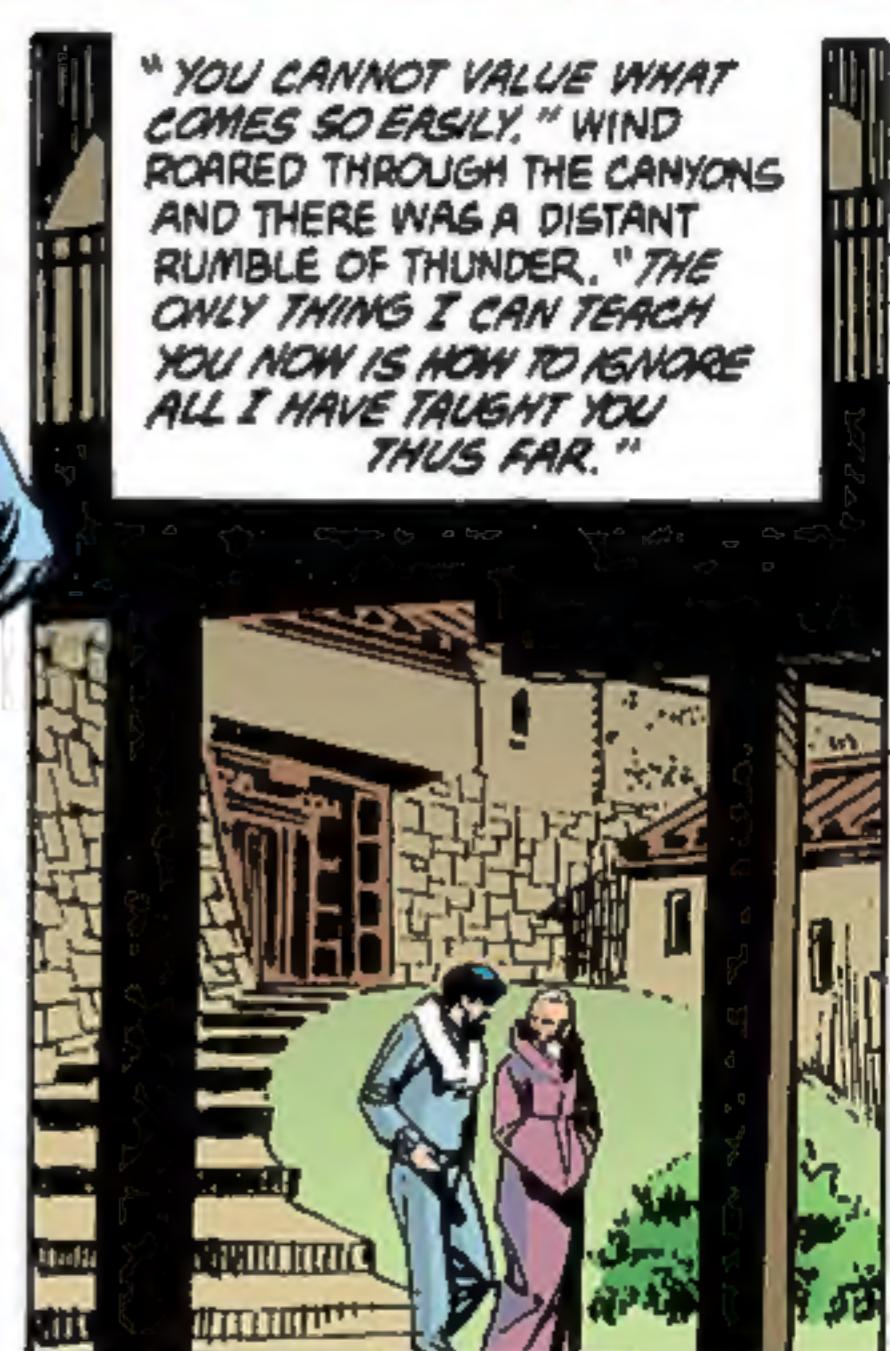
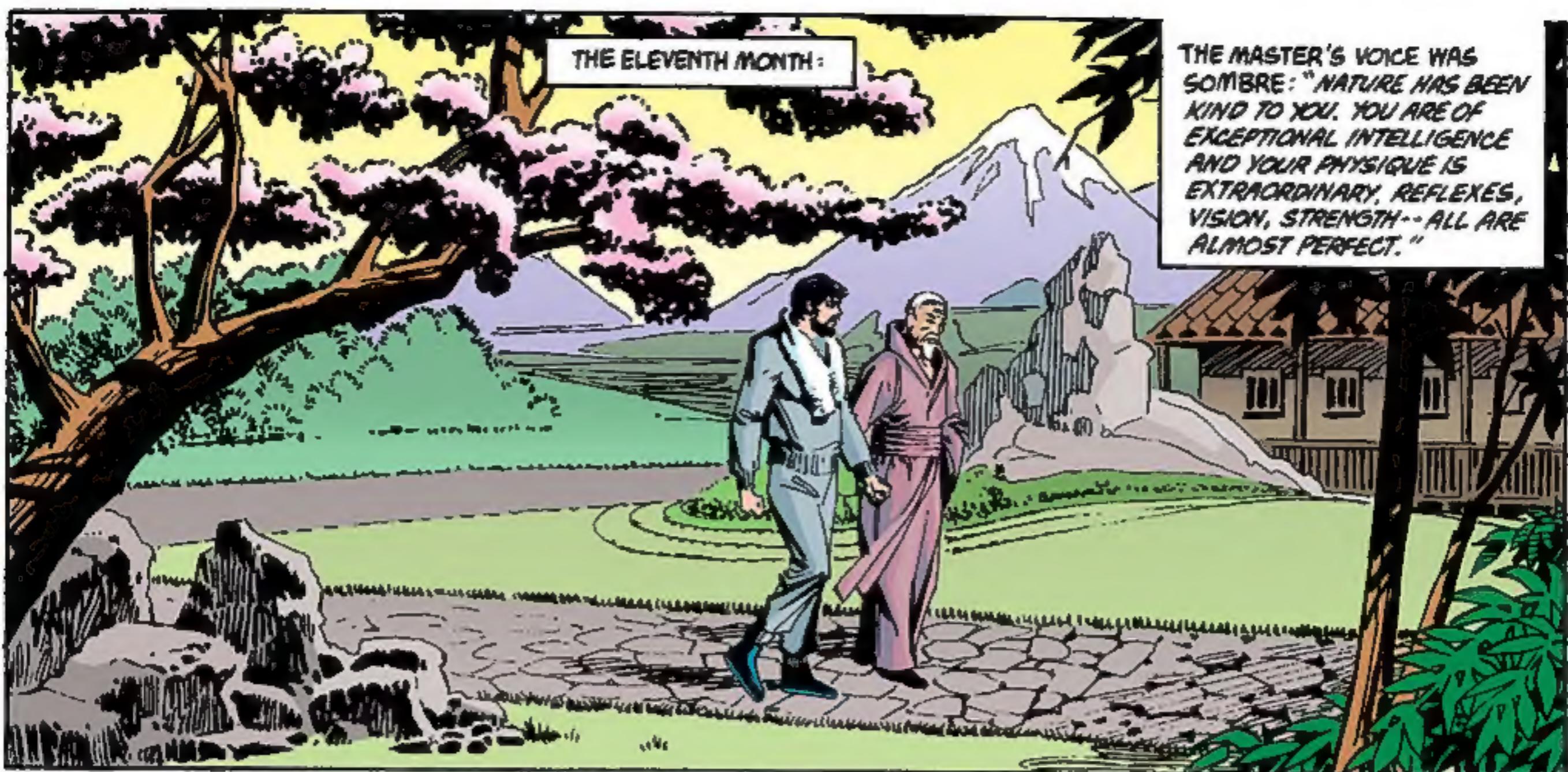


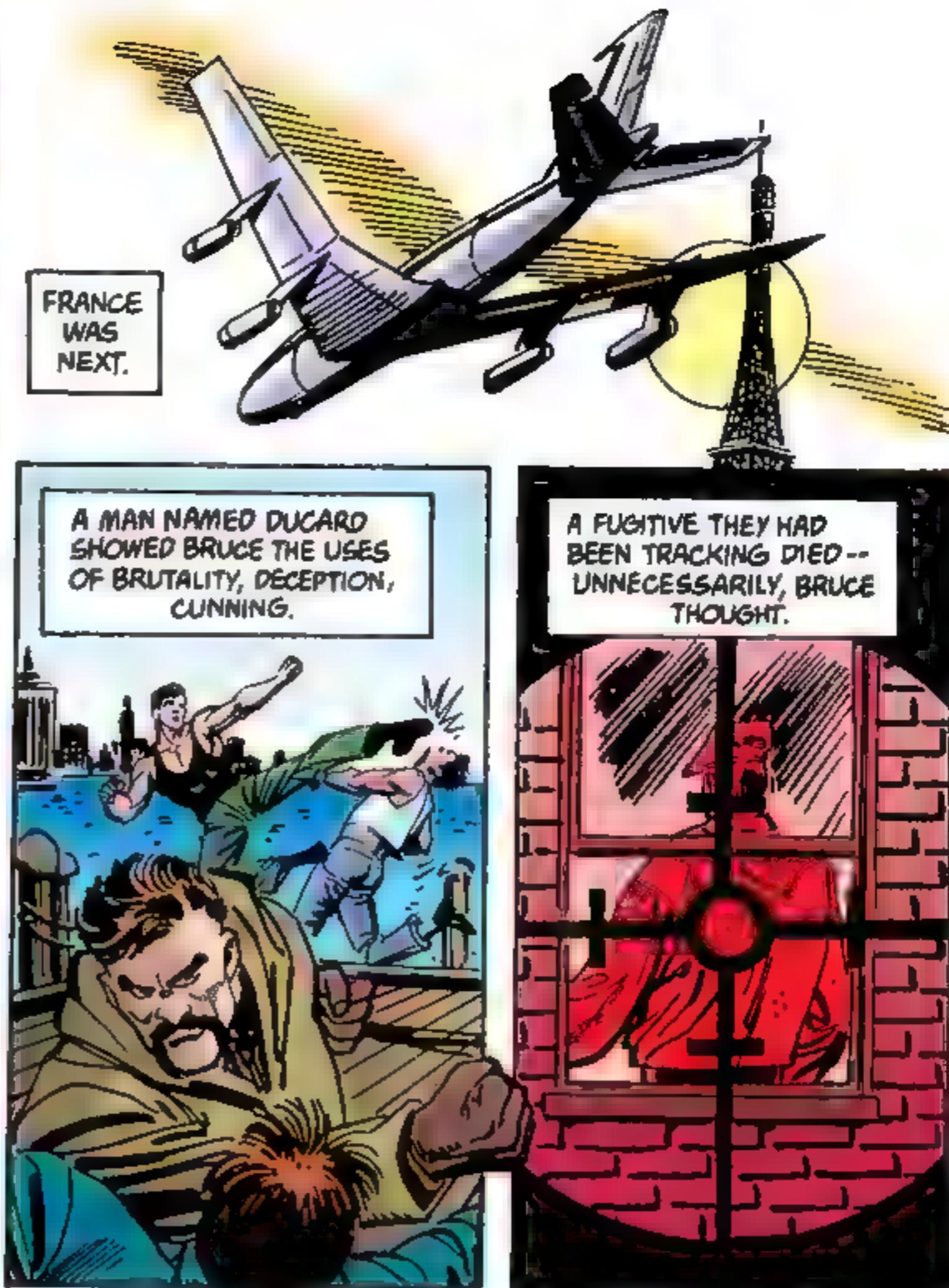
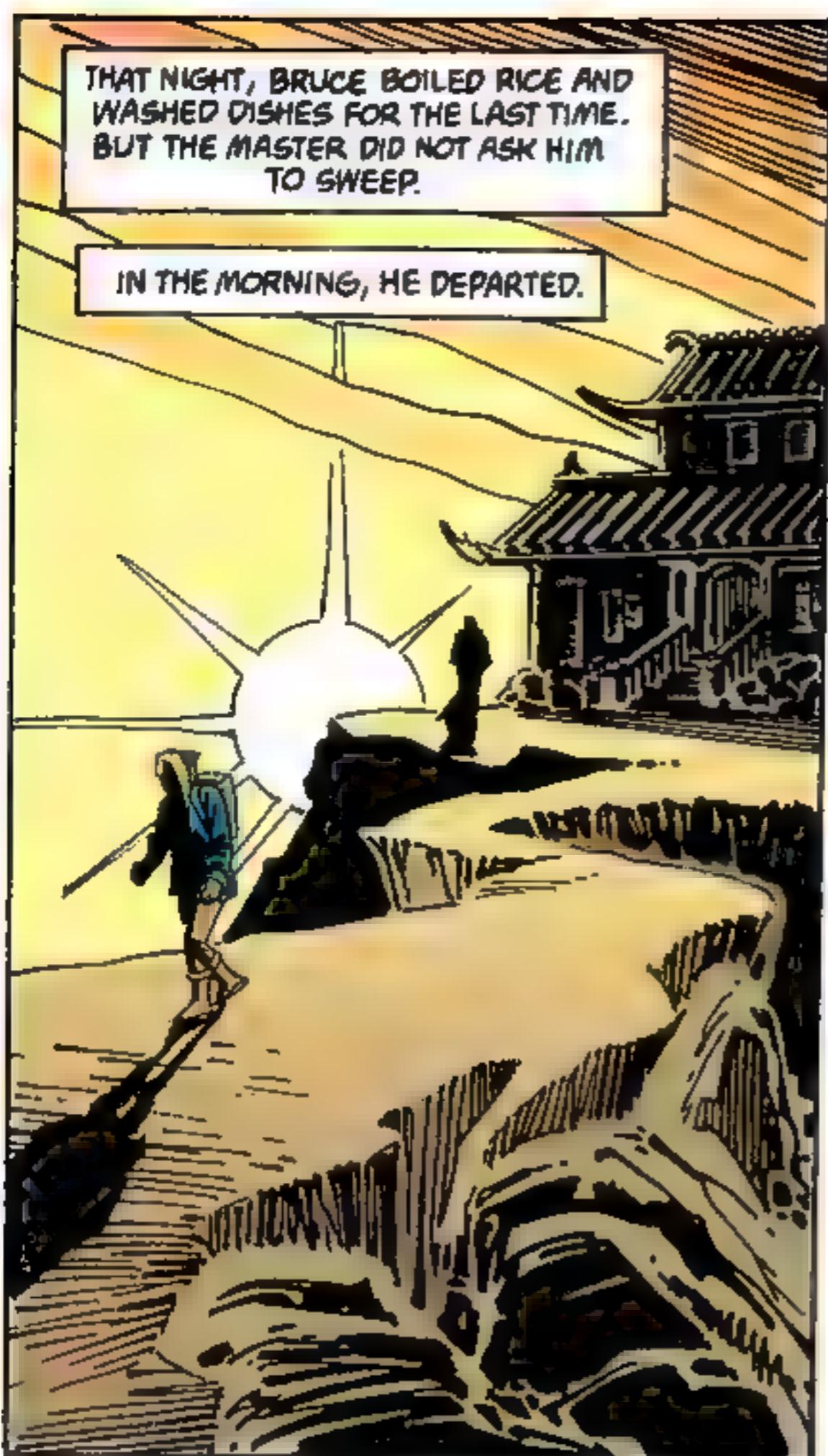


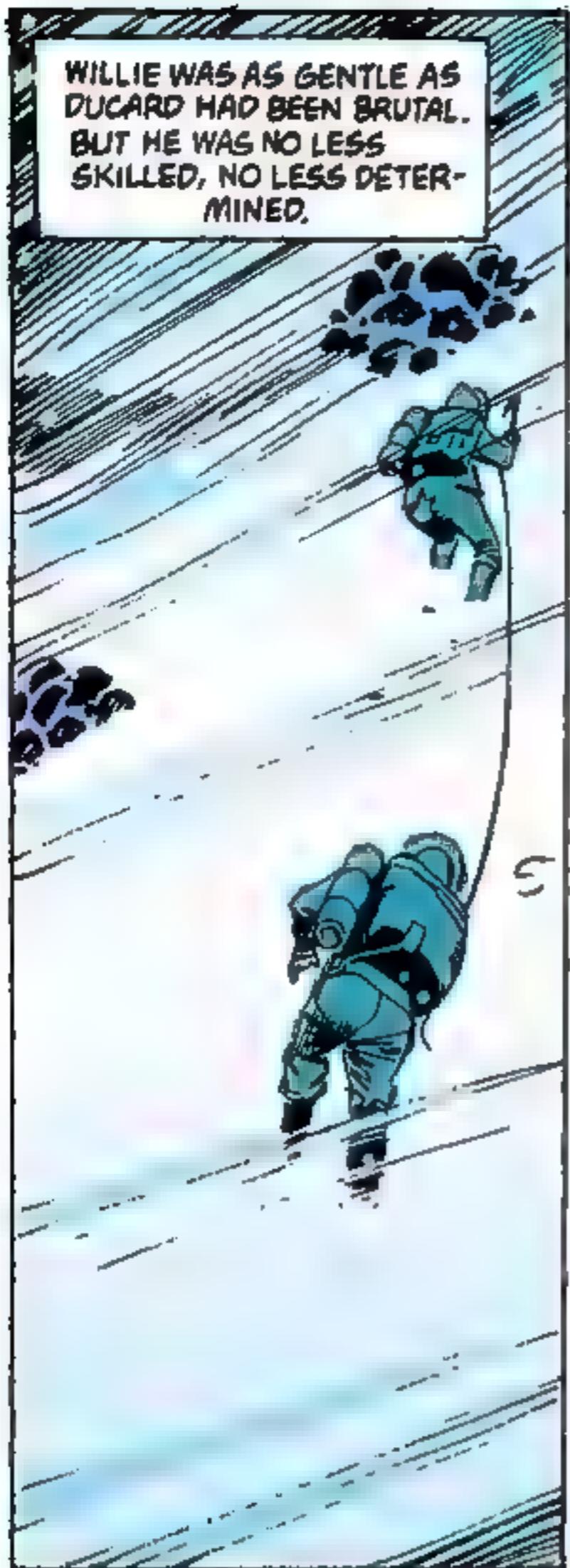




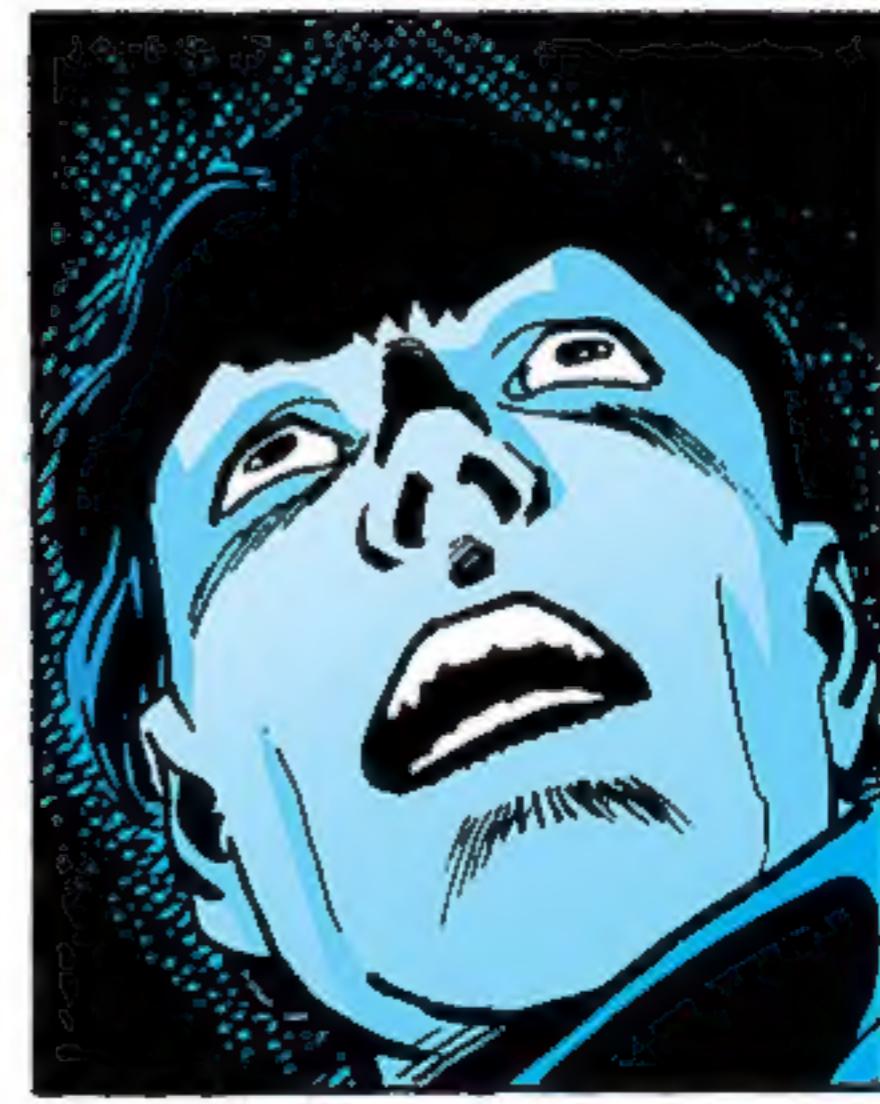
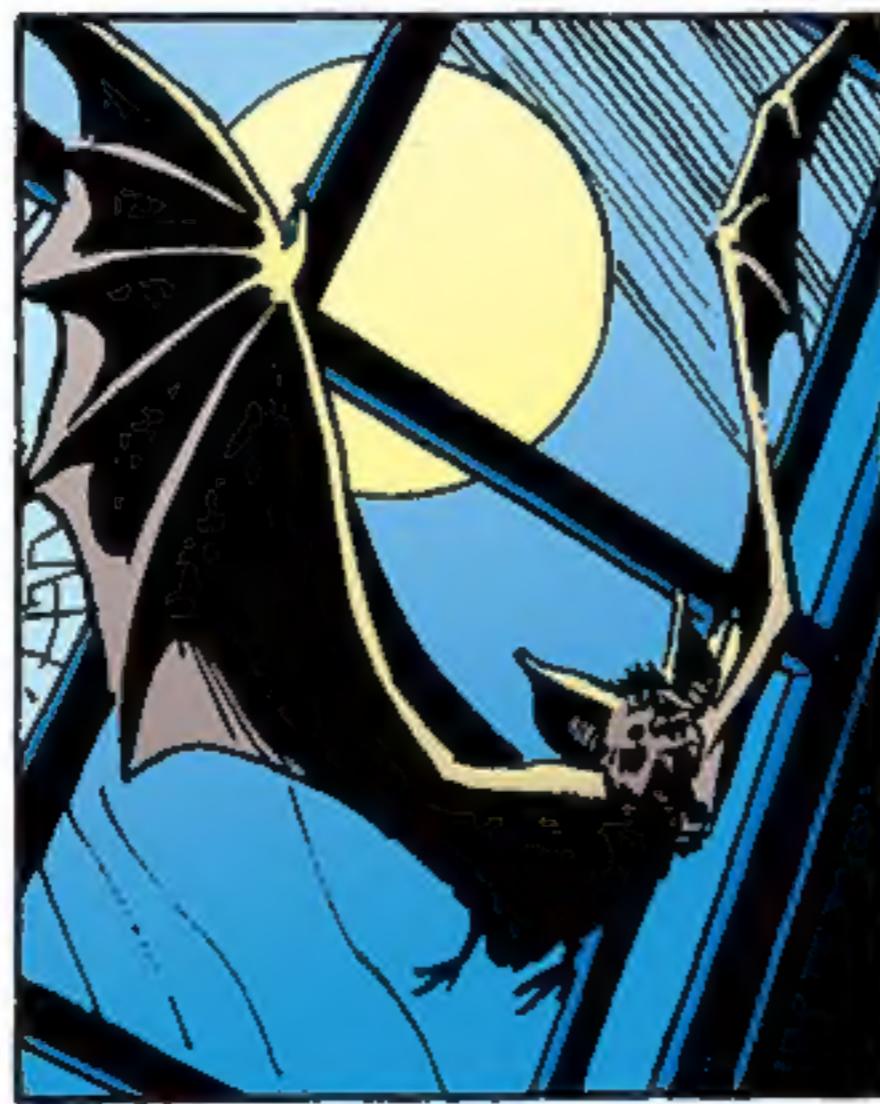


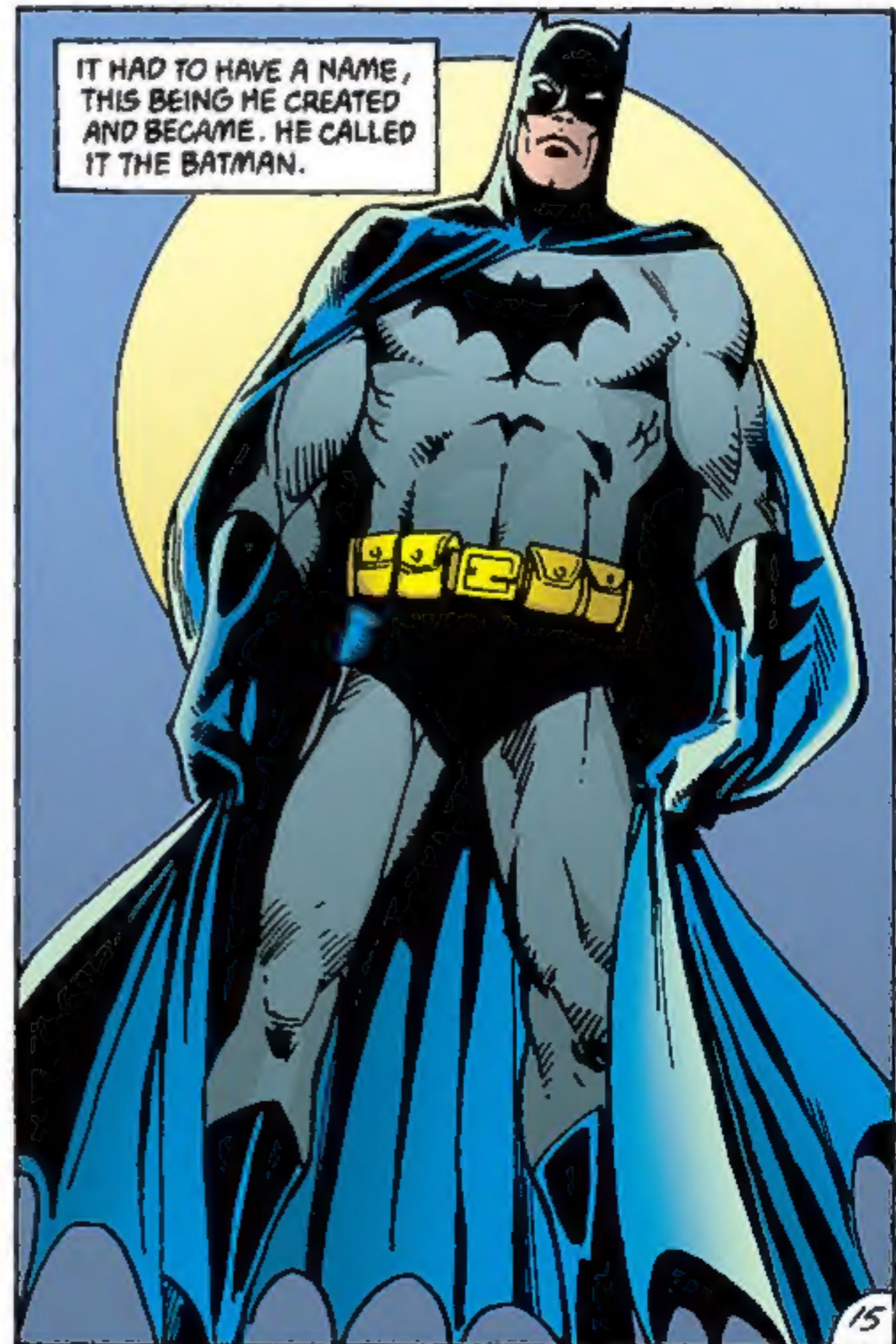
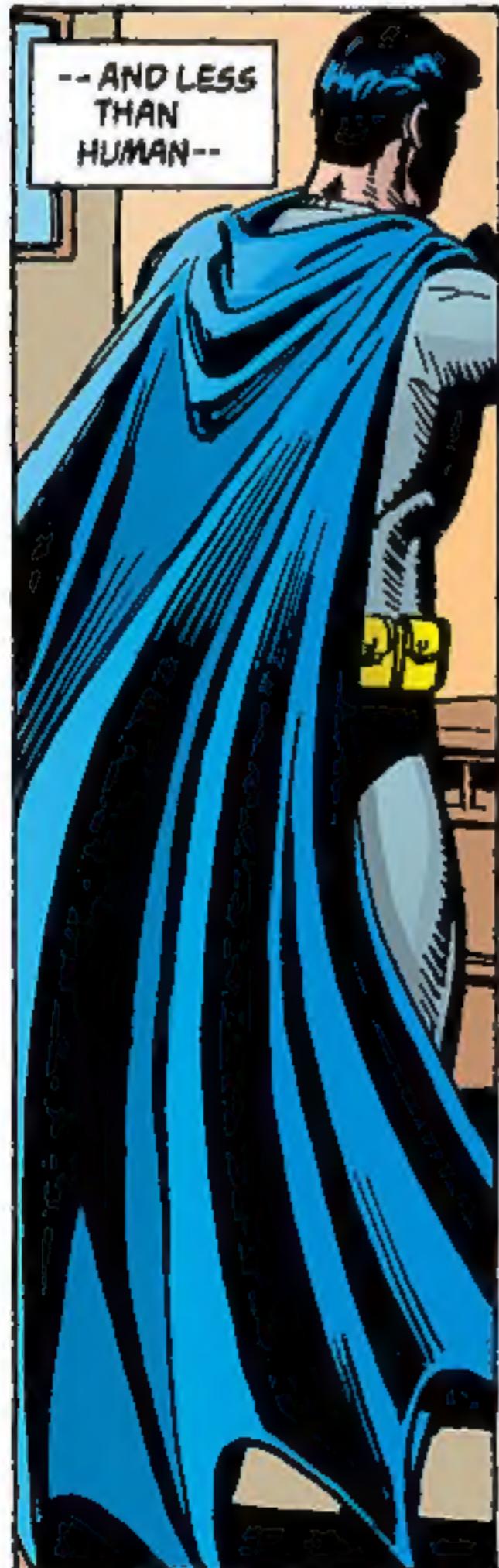
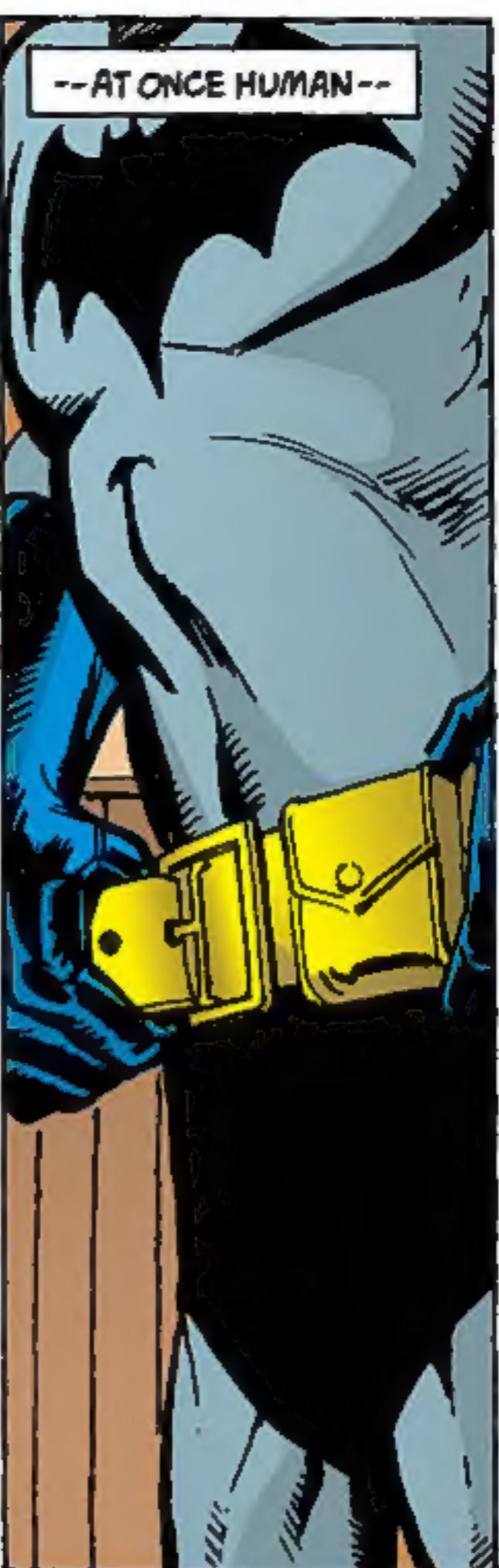
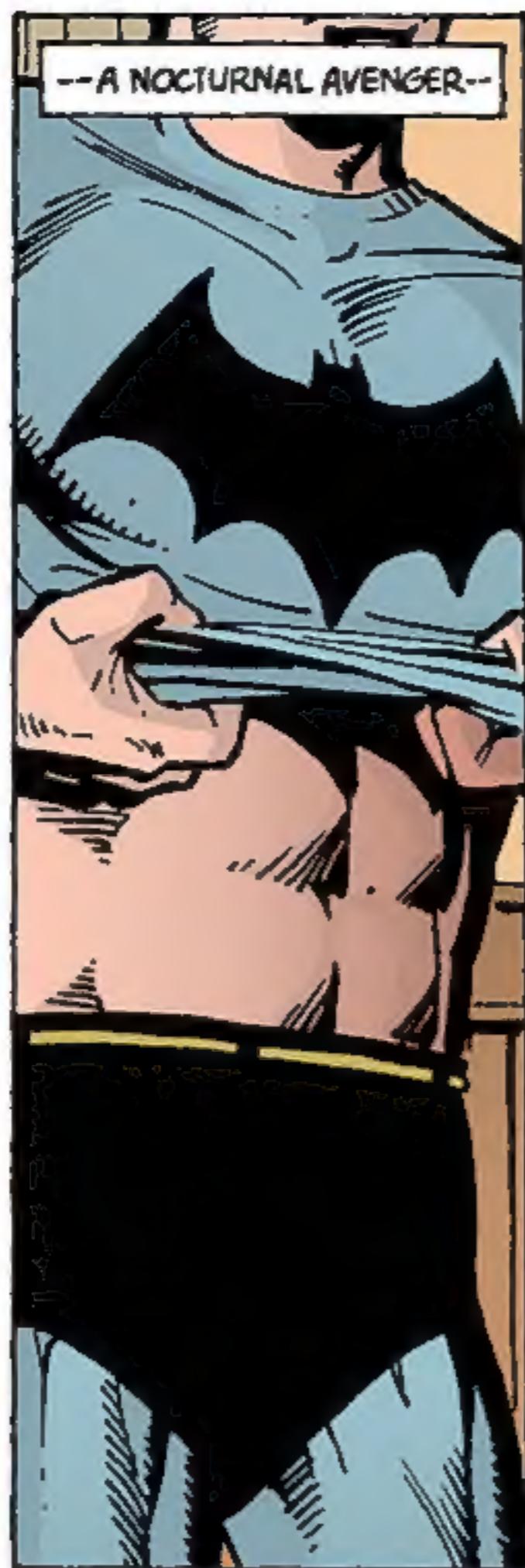


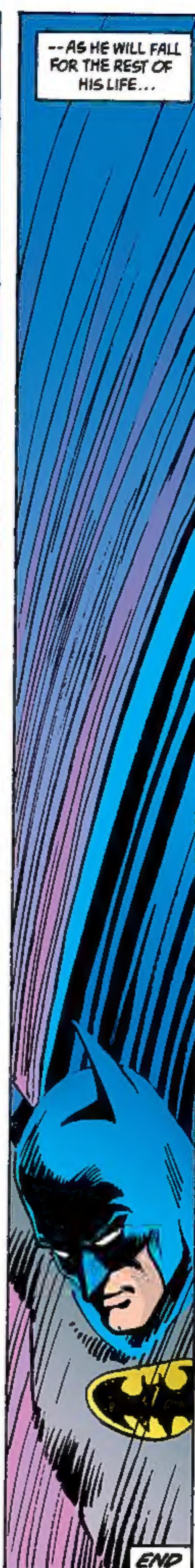
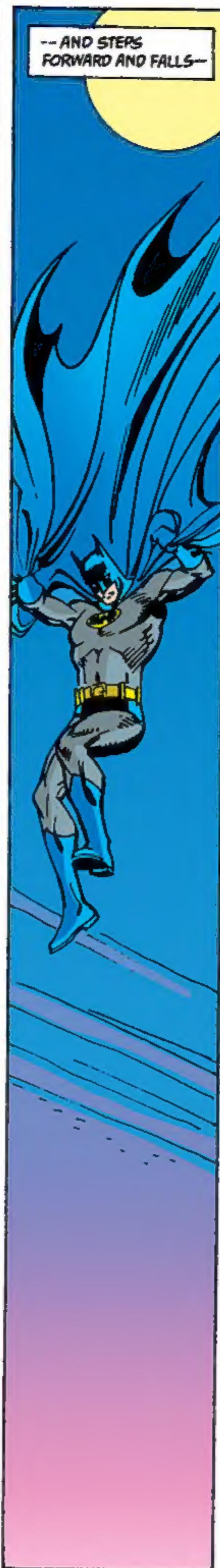












END